

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

JAN. No. 8
10¢

THAT MAN
JUST SNATCHED
MY NECKLACE!
DON'T LET HIM
—OHH!

OH, YEAH?
YOU WON'T GET
ME, FLATFOOT!
ARGGH!!



featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

~IN~
"BEAR-TRAP KILL"

STORY: ROBT
LESLIE BELLEM

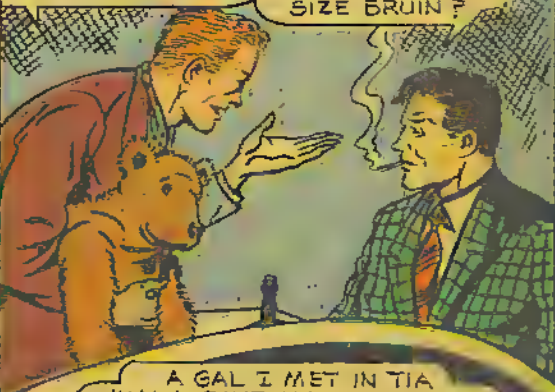
PICTURES:
MAX PLAISTED

DAN TURNER IS HAVING A MIDNIGHT
SNACK IN A SUNSET STRIP HOT SPOT
WHEN HE LAMPS A PAL ~



DUKE MILLAR, HE-MAN STAR OF
CLIMAX PIX, ANKLES OVER TO DAN'S
TABLE TOTING A BIG TEDDY BEAR ~

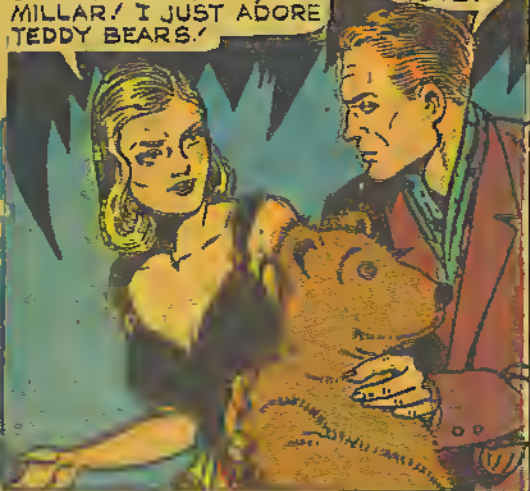
HI, SHERLOCK! I JUST GOT BACK FROM
SOUTH OF THE BORDER AND DROPPED
IN FOR A SNORT ON
MY WAY HOME! WHERE DID YOU
GET THAT LARGE
SIZE BRUIN?



SCREEN STARLET LINDA LAWN STARTS A HASSLE —

GIVE ME THE BEAR, MR. MILLAR! I JUST ADORE TEDDY BEARS!

HEY... LAY OFF, TUTZ!



YOU'RE A BACHELOR WITH NO CHILDREN! YOU DON'T NEED TOYS! PLEASE LET ME HAVE IT! PRETTY PLEASE!

LET GO OR I'LL GET ROUGH WITH YOU, BABY!



BE A NICE GUY! LET ME HAVE HIM! QUIT!



BETTER TURN LOOSE, LINDA, BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT!

THE TOY'S ARM TEARS OFF -- AND LINDA GETS DUMPED -- CONFOUND YOU, O-O-PS!



THIS IS GOING TO MAKE TROUBLE!

MIKE MAURY, OWNER OF THE NIGHT SPOT, BARGES UP TO QUELL THE BEEF —

LOOK, MILLAR! YOU CAN KNOCK DAMES DOWN IN THE MOVIES BUT NOT HERE!

HE DIDN'T HIT HER, SHE FELL! IT WAS HER OWN FAULT!

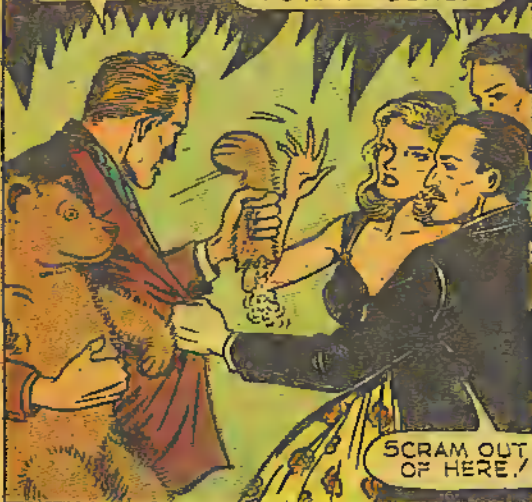


ALL THE SAME, I'M ASKING YOU TO LEAVE! IT'S A PLEASURE, CHUM!



GIVE ME THAT ARM, TUTZ!

YOU CAN HAVE IT SEWED ON AGAIN AND NO HARM DONE!



NEXT TIME DON'T BE SO GRABBY, KITTEN!

WHO ASKED YOUR ADVICE, GUMSHOE?



YOU'VE GOT POWDER ALL OVER YOU! GUESS YOU SPILLED YOUR COMPACT! LET ME DUST YOU OFF!



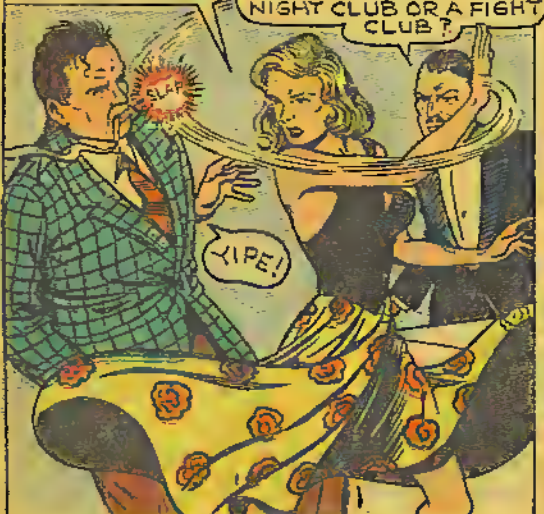
DON'T BE SILLY! I'M ONLY TRYING TO ---

YOU WDLF!



KEEP YOUR PAWS TO YOURSELF!

ANOTHER BRAWL! WHAT AM I RUNNING --- A NIGHT CLUB OR A FIGHT CLUB?



SCRAM HAWKSHAW, AND DON'T COME BACK!

OKAY! I'VE BEEN PITCHED OUT OF BETTER DIVES!



IN THE REAR PARKING LOT, TURNER LAMPS THE ATTENDANT LEANING OVER A MOTIONLESS FIGURE.

HEY, WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING, BUB? ROLLING A DRUNK?

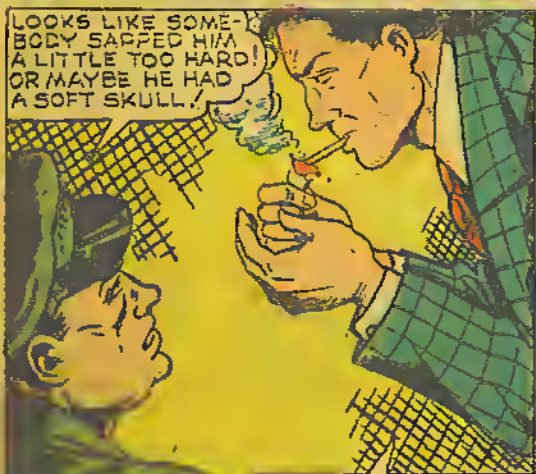


CRIPES, NO, MISTER -- AND HE ISN'T DRUNK! I'M AFRAID HE'S D-DEAD!

WHAT THE ---! IT'S DUKE MILLAR AND HIS OVERSIZED BEAR!



LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY SAPPED HIM A LITTLE TOO HARD! OR MAYBE HE HAD A SOFT SKULL!



I WONDER IF MIKE MAURY DID IT WHEN HE ESCORTED HIM OUT OF THE JOINT?

NO! MR. MAURY BROUGHT HIM OUTDOORS AND LEFT HIM! THEN I HAD TO MOVE A CAR -- AND WHEN I LOOKED AGAIN --- MR. MILLAR WAS D-DEAD!

POOR DUKE -- CROAKING WITH ONLY A TEDDY BEAR FOR COMPANY!



YOU STAY HERE AND GUARD HIS REMNANTS WHILE I GO PHONE THE LAW!

Y-YES SIR!



SLINKING UNSEEN INTO MIKE MAURY'S PRIVATE OFFICE, TURNER CALLS HIS FRIEND DAVE DONALDSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

YEAH, DAVE, THAT'S THE STORY! I FIGURE SOMEBODY CLOUTED HIM, STOLE HIS STUFFED BEAR AND LAMMED!



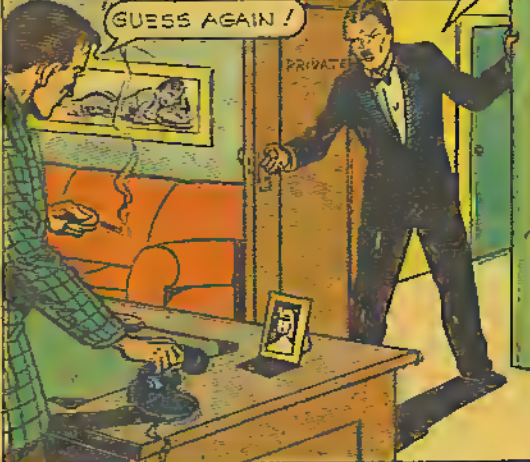
**AT THE OTHER END
DONALDSON EXPLODES -**
BUT YOU JUST SAID THE
BEAR WAS ALONGSIDE HIS
CORPSE!



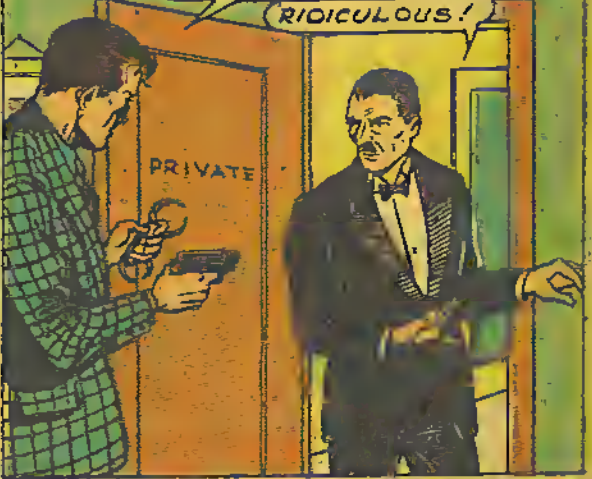
A SUBSTITUTE BEAR, DAVE! THE ORIGINAL HAD ONE
ARM YANKED OFF --- BUT THIS BEAR IS INTACT.
SOMEBODY SWIPE THE ORIGINAL AND
LEFT AN UNDAMAGED DUPLICATE!
NOW FLAG YOUR DIAPERS OUT
HERE IN A THUNDERING HURRY!



AS TURNER HANGS UP MAURY APPEARS
YOU LOUSY GUMSHOE, I TOLD YOU TO GET
OUT AND STAY OUT! THIS TIME I'LL
HEAVE YOU OUT BODILY!



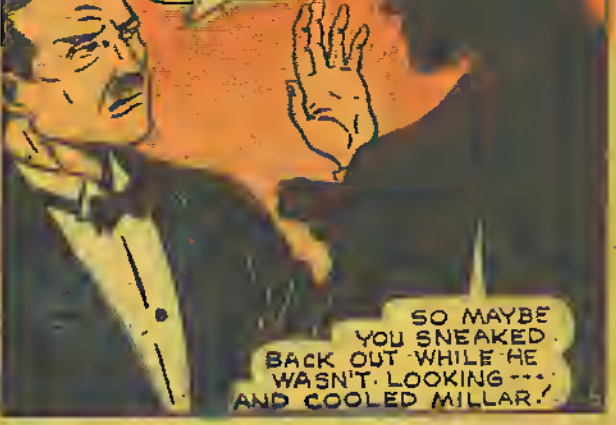
DAN PRODUCES HIS BAT AND HANDCUFFS
FREEZE, PAL! I'M HOLDING YOU FOR THE
BULLS -- ON SUSPICION!



MILLAR WAS ALIVE WHEN I LEFT HIM
ON THE LOT! YOU CAN ASK THE
ATTENDANT, BENNY
ROONEY!



NONSENSE! ROONEY'S TOO
SMART A PUNK TO RISK
TELLING LIES IN A
MURDER CASE! HE
WAS LEVELING
WITH YOU!



SO MAYBE
YOU SNEAKED
BACK OUT WHILE HE
WASN'T LOOKING ---
AND COOLED MILLAR!

TURNER CUFFS MAURY TO A PIPE
YOU'VE GOT NO BUSINESS ACCUSING ME OF RUBBING DUKE MILLAR! HE WAS ONE OF MY STEADIEST PATRONS!

OH, YEAH?



THIS WAS HIS REGULAR HANGOUT! WHY WOULD I CROAK A CUSTOMER?

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN! YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND TOSSING HIM OUT WHEN HE WRESTLED WITH LINDA LAWN!



I'VE OFTEN TOSSED HIM OUT WHEN HE WAS FRIED! BUT HE ALWAYS FORGAVE WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER! NOW I'VE GOT TO SEE THE LAVIN QUAIL!



IN THE MAIN DINING ROOM

LET GO OF ME! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

I CRAVE A CONFERENCE, KITTEN!

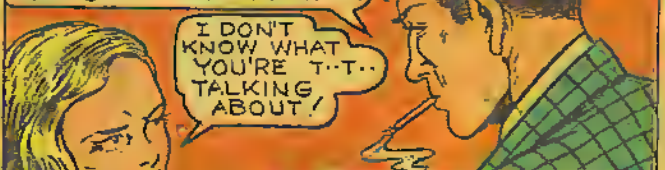


THIS PRIVATE ROOM WILL DO, HON! TELL ME, WHY WERE YOU SO DEAD SET ON ADOPTING DUKE MILLAR'S I LIKE TOY B-BEARS, TEDDY BEAR? AND I WAS A LITTLE HIGH! I'M SORRY I MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF! PLEASE LET GO OF ME!



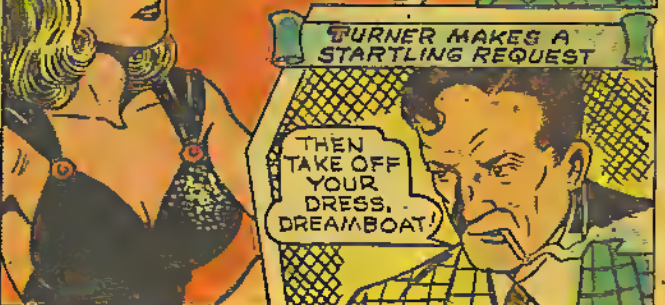
I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING ILLEGAL WAS HIDDEN IN THAT STUFFED ANIMAL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE T-T-TALKING ABOUT!



TURNER MAKES A STARTLING REQUEST

THEN TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS, DREAMBOAT!





WH-WHAT?
HOW DARE
YOU?

I'M SERIOUS--AND IT'S
NOT A STRIP TEASE I'M
LOOKING FOR!



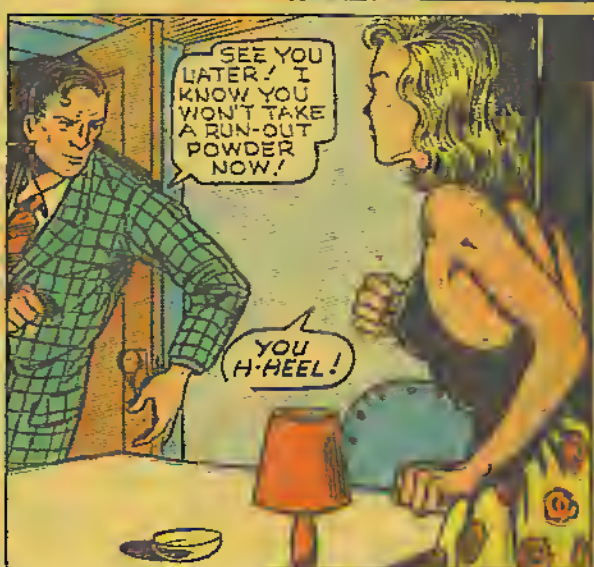
I REFUSE! TOO BAD SAGE!
I HATE TO GET
TOUGH, BUT IT'S
NECESSARY!



THIS IS WHAT I NEED
FOR MY TEST.

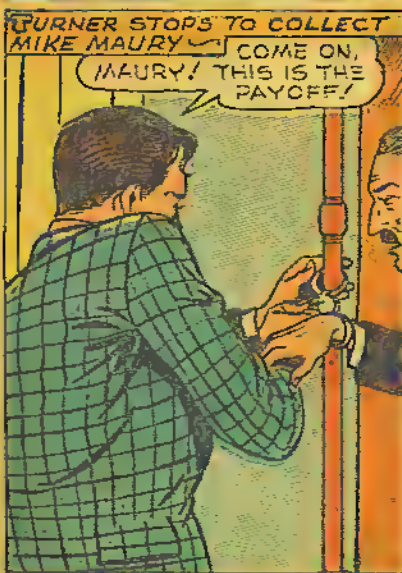
R-I-P-P-P

AIEE-EE-EEEK!



SEE YOU
LATER! I
KNOW YOU
WON'T TAKE
A RUN-OUT
POWDER
NOW!

YOU
H-HEEL!



TURNER STOPS TO COLLECT
MIKE MAURY

COME ON,
MAURY! THIS IS THE
PAYOFF!



ON THE PARKING LOT, DAVE DONALDSON IS IN-
SPECTING THE MURDERED MAN WHILE GRILL-
ING ATTENDANT BENNY ROONEY

NO, LIEUTENANT, I DIDN'T SEE
HIM GET BUMPED OFF!

HE'S A LIAR,
DAVE! NAB
HIM!

FIGURE THE LANE WHO GAVE THE TEDDY BEAR TO MILLAR IN MEXICO WAS A MEMBER OF A DOPE SMUGGLING RING -- AND THE BEAR WAS STUFFED WITH A FORTUNE IN POWDERED MORPHINE, WHICH MILLAR DIDN'T SUSPECT. THE MOB KNEW MILLAR ALWAYS STOPPED HERE FOR A SNORT, SO ---



--- THEY HAD AN ACCOMPLICE PLANTED WITH A SUBSTITUTE BEAR -- PLANNING TO SWITCH IT FOR THE ONE LOADED WITH DOPE AND MILLAR WOULD NEVER SAVVY THE DIFFERENCE!



LINDA DAWN LOUSED IT UP BY TEARING OFF ONE OF THE BEAR'S ARMS -- AND SOME MORPHINE LEAKING OUT SMEARED HER DRESS!

HERE'S A HUNK OF HER GOWN WITH THE STUFF ON IT, SO WE CAN GIVE IT A CHEMICAL TEST. WHEN THE MOB'S ACCOMPLICE SAW THE MUTILATED TOY HE FEARED ALL THE MORPHINE WOULD LEAK OUT, SO HE BOPPED MILLAR AND KILLED HIM! THEN HE GLOAMMED THE DOPE-LOADED BEAR AND REPLACED IT WITH A SUBSTITUTE!



THAT WAS THE CLUE THAT TIPPED ME OFF. NOW IF WE FIND THE MORPHINE BEAR IN THE KILLER'S CAR WE'LL CLOSE THE CASE -- HEY, DAVE, THERE HE GOES! BENNY, ROONEY'S YOUR GUILTY GINZO!



DAVE FIRES -- AND CRIPPLES ROONEY JUST AS HE TRIES TO BOUNCE INTO A CAR CONTAINING THE MAIMED TEDDY BEAR!

NICE SHOOTING! YOU DIDN'T CROAK HIM --- AND HE'LL LIVE TO SQUEAL ON THE SMUGGLING MOB!



TO THINK I HAD A KILLER ON MY PAYROLL! I'D BETTER GO APOLOGIZE TO LINDA LAWN! MAYBE IF I EXPLAIN THINGS



SALLY THE SLEUTH

in "DEATH BY APPOINTMENT"

by KEATS PETREE

ONE DAY, IN HIS PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY, THE CHIEF PICKS UP A PAPER TELLING OF THE ROUND-UP OF THE MEMBERS OF A LOCAL EXTORTION RING ...

WELL, WELL - SO THE "GREEN CIRCLE" GANG WAS CAUGHT AT NOON TODAY - ABOUT EIGHT HOURS AGO -



HMM - THEY GOT NEARLY FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM PROMINENT ACTRESSES, AND ARE SUSPECTED OF AT LEAST ONE CYANIDE KILLING.



HIS ASSISTANT, SALLY, ENTERS ...

CHIEF! WE HAVE A VISITOR - DAWN MARLOW, WHO'S BILLED IN THE THEATRE AS "THE GIRL WITH THE MILLION DOLLAR LEGS"!

BRING HER IN.



THE ACTRESS, AGITATED AND FEARFUL, TELLS HER STORY ...

I NEED HELP. I'VE JUST GOTTEN AN EXTORTION LETTER - FROM THAT GANG - IT'S SIGNED WITH A LITTLE GREEN CIRCLE.

LET ME SEE IT.



YES - THEY WANT TEN GRAND - AND WARN YOU NOT TO GO TO THE POLICE OR YOU WILL DIE AT EIGHT P.M. TONIGHT. IT'S EIGHT NOW,



HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO COME HERE?

I HAD AN APPOINTMENT WITH MY PHYSICIAN, DR. OWEN, A LITTLE WHILE AGO AND SHE ADVISED ME TO COME TO YOU ABOUT THIS.



THIS IS VERY STRANGE - THIS NOTE IS POSTMARKED **ONE O'CLOCK** - BUT THE GREEN CIRCLE GANG WAS ROUNDED UP AT **NOON**!



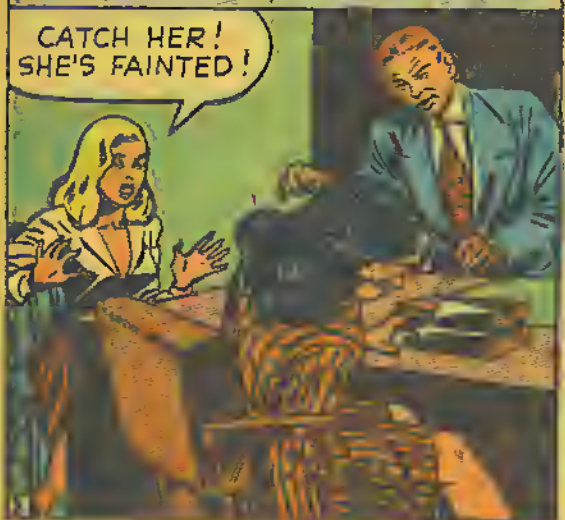
ANYWAY, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE CAUSE TO WORRY, WITH THEM IN JAIL. NO HARM CAN HAPPEN TO YOU.

I HOPE NOT!



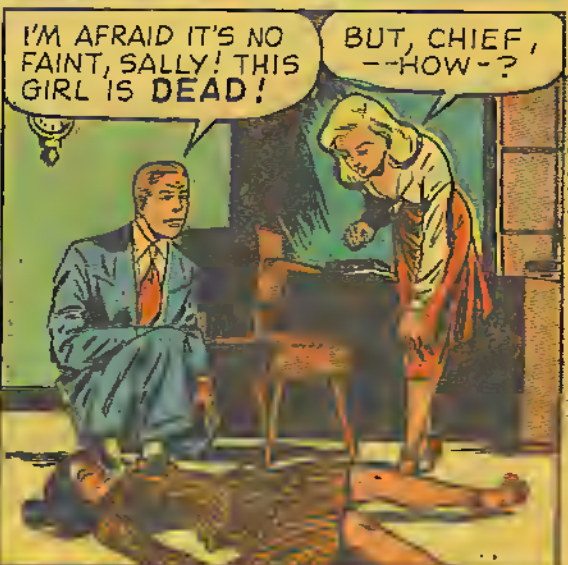
THEN, SUDDENLY, DAWN CRUMPLES...

CATCH HER! SHE'S FAINTED!



I'M AFRAID IT'S NO FAINT, SALLY! THIS GIRL IS DEAD!

BUT, CHIEF, --HOW--?



THERE'S A SMELL OF BITTER ALMONDS ON HER BREATH. THAT MEANS JUST ONE THING - **CYANIDE!**

THEN SHE WAS REALLY MURDERED AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!



SALLY, LOOK UP THE ADDRESS OF THIS DOCTOR OWEN, GET OUT THERE TOMORROW AND LOOK THE PLACE OVER.

OKAY, CHIEF.



NEXT DAY...

DOCTOR OWEN ISN'T IN JUST NOW, MISS.

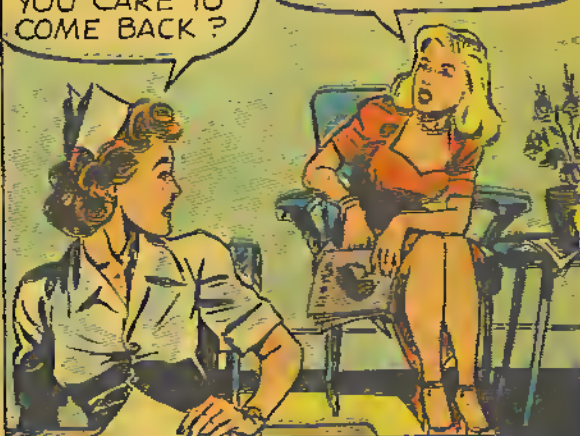
THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL WAIT.



LATER...

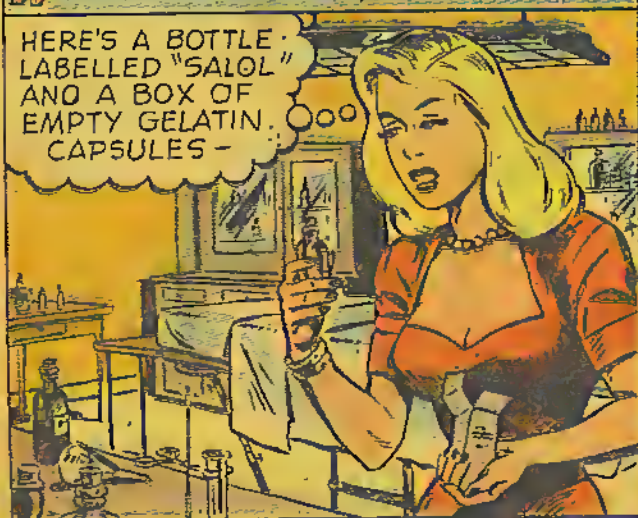
IT'S MY LUNCH HOUR, WOULD YOU CARE TO COME BACK?

RUN RIGHT ALONG. I'LL READ THESE MAGAZINES WHILE I'M WAITING.



WITH THE NURSE GONE, SALLY SNOOPS...

HERE'S A BOTTLE LABELLED "SALOL" AND A BOX OF EMPTY GELATIN CAPSULES -



SALLY PHONES HER OFFICE...

-NOTHING MUCH, CHIEF. SHE ISN'T IN YET. BUT I FOUND A BOTTLE OF - **WHA-!!**



SALLY FEELS A GUN IN HER RIBS...

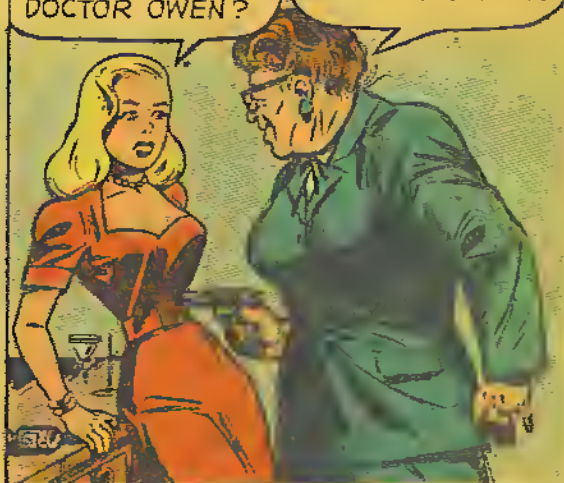
OH-H!

HANG UP THE RECEIVER,
--AND MAKE IT FAST!



WHO-? WHAT-?
WHERE IS
DOCTOR OWEN?

I'M
DOCTOR OWEN!



THE POWERFULLY BUILT WOMAN
PHYSICIAN FORCES SALLY ONTO
AN OPERATING TABLE...

YOU'RE TOO NOSEY!
GET ON HERE!

LET ME GO,
YOU--!

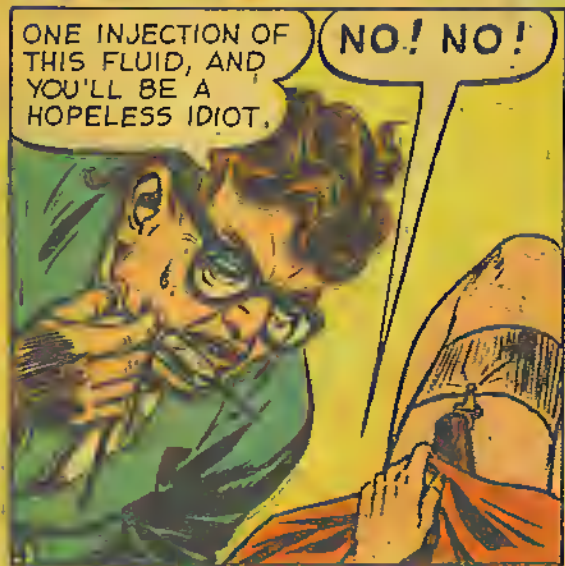


HOLDING SALLY DOWN, THE DOCTOR
PRODUCES A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE...



ONE INJECTION OF
THIS FLUID, AND
YOU'LL BE A
HOPELESS IDIOT.

NO! NO!



SALLY SNAKES HER SMALL REVOLVER
FROM ITS GARTER HOLSTER...



BUT DOCTOR OWEN WRESTS IT AWAY...

GIVE ME
THAT GUN!

OH!

JUST THEN THE PHONE IN
THE OUTER OFFICE RINGS...

TING-A-LING



AS
DOCTOR
OWEN'S
ATTENTION
IS
DISTRACTED,
SALLY
GRABS
FOR HER
GUN,
CAUSING
IT TO
EXPLODE...

TING-A-LING

BANG!

THEN SHE DRIVES HER HEEL INTO
THE AMAZON'S MIDSECTION...

OOF!

DOCTOR OWEN RECOVERS HERSELF
AND CHARGES AT SALLY...

KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!

THE TWO WOMEN TUSSELE FURIOUSLY...



**BUT THE DOCTOR STILL HAS THE
HYPODERMIC - AND GIVES SALLY
A VICIOUS JAB IN THE ARM...**



**AT THAT MOMENT, SALLY
SUMMONS EVERY OUNCE OF
HER ENERGY AND LANDS AN
UPPERCUT ON THE HUGE
WOMAN DOCTOR'S JAW,
KNOCKING HER COLD...**



THEN SALLY DROPS UNCONSCIOUS...



FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE CHIEF, WITH A SQUAD OF COPS, RUSH INTO THE OFFICE...



SALLY SOON REVIVES...

OH, CHIEF!

THERE, THERE, GIRLIE. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW.



OBVIOUSLY, THIS WOMAN, DR. OWEN, WAS THE REAL HEAD OF THE GREEN CIRCLE GANG. WHEN DAWN MARLOW REFUSED TO PAY, OWEN DECIDED TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HER.

HOW?



I FIGURE IT THIS WAY: WHEN DAWN CAME TO SEE HER YESTERDAY, SHE GAVE THE GIRL A CAPSULE - "TO QUIET HER NERVES".



BUT IT WAS FILLED WITH CYANIDE AND COATED WITH SALOL SO THAT THE POISON WOULD NOT START IT'S WORK UNTIL AN HOUR LATER, WHEN SHE GOT TO MY OFFICE.



BY THAT TIME, THE COATING WORE OFF AND THE CYANIDE KILLED HER IMMEDIATELY.

BUT, CHIEF, I'M WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE!



ABOUT WHAT?

DOCTOR OWEN JABBED ME WITH THAT NEEDLE TO MAKE ME AN IDIOT. NOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME?



THE CHIEF EXAMINES THE HYPODERMIC...

THE BARREL IS FULL AND THE NEEDLE BROKEN. THE STUFF DIDN'T TOUCH YOU. YOU WON'T BECOME AN IDIOT, SALLY. YOU FAINTED FROM FRIGHT.

YOU OFTEN SAY I'M NOT TOO BRIGHT, ANYWAY, CHIEF.



YOU'RE A HONEY, JUST THE SAME, YOU LITTLE DUMBBELL.

OH, CHIEF, YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS!



LOOK FOR SALLY AGAIN NEXT ISSUE...

Gail Ford - GIRL FRIDAY

by Ray McClelland
in "GIRL SNATCHERS"

ONE MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE INSPECTOR MADSON, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS SECRETARY, GAIL FORD AND HIS ABLE HELPER, DETECTIVE TIM MCQUADE - A DISTRAUGHT MOTHER POURS FORTH AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR TALE OF PARENT'S WOE TO THESE LOYAL DEFENDERS OF THE LAW...

MY LITTLE GIRL IS NOT A CRIMINAL! SHE LEFT HOME TO COME HERE AND GET A GOOD JOB - TO MAKE A PLACE FOR HERSELF IN THE WORLD. SHE MUST HAVE FALLEN IN WITH BAD COMPANIONS. SHE'S NOT A THIEF, I KNOW!

THERE, THERE, MRS. OBER - WE KNOW HOW THESE THINGS ARE.

I AGREE THAT SHE WAS PROBABLY LED ASTRAY. I'M PRETTY SURE SHE'LL BE JUST GIVEN A SUSPENDED SENTENCE AND SENT HOME TO YOU. YOU KEEP HER THERE.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, INSPECTOR.

AFTER THE SORROWING WOMAN LEAVES...

THOUSANDS OF GIRLS COME TO THIS CITY EVERY YEAR. THEY'RE NEW AND BEWILDERED - EASY PREY FOR SLIMY CHARACTERS WHO LEAD THEM INTO A LIFE OF CRIME. WE'LL STOP IT BY SETTING A TRAP -

YOU, GAIL, WILL BAIT THE TRAP, MAC, YOU STICK BEHIND HER AT ALL TIMES. NOW HERE'S THE PLAN--

SAY, BOSS, IT'LL BE A SWELL CHANCE TO CLEAN UP THOSE JERKS WHO FASTEN ON GALS WHEN THEY HIT TOWN.

NEXT DAY, AT THE CITY'S BUSIEST BUS TERMINAL, A STARRY-EYED COUNTRY GIRL ARRIVES IN THE BIG CITY - "ALONE" --



GAIL WENDS HER WAY TO THE LUNCH ROOM AND, SOON, A TALKATIVE WOMAN TAKES THE SEAT NEXT TO HER ...

MY! THIS BULKY BAG IS A NUISANCE. WELL, IT'S GOOD TO GET BACK HOME AGAIN!

YOU LIVE HERE IN THIS WONDERFUL CITY?



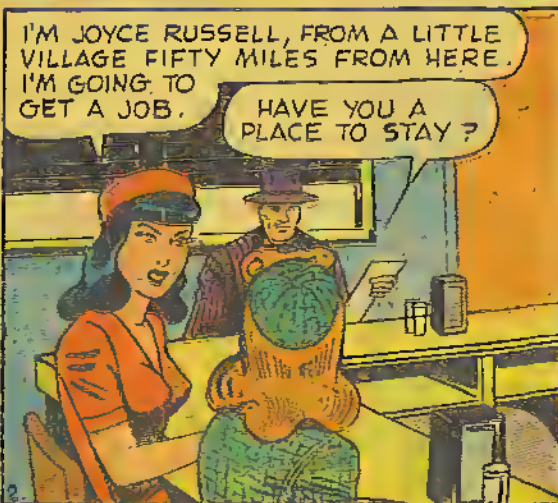
OH YES, I'VE LIVED HERE FOR YEARS, YOU JUST ARRIVED?

YES, I'M SORT OF MIXED UP. IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN HERE.



I'M JOYCE RUSSELL, FROM A LITTLE VILLAGE FIFTY MILES FROM HERE. I'M GOING TO GET A JOB.

HAVE YOU A PLACE TO STAY?



NO - NOT YET -

WELL, HONEY, YOU COME WITH ME, I HAVE A ROOM YOU CAN HAVE - REAL CHEAP.



SOON, IN THE WOMAN'S APARTMENT...

I'M MRS. SLADE, A WIDOW, THIS IS TOM LUCAS, MY BROTHER.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU BOTH.



NEXT MORNING...

I'VE GOT TO START LOOKING FOR A JOB.

NONSENSE! YOU'RE GOING TO A MATINEE WITH ME, AND TOM IS TAKING US TO A NIGHT CLUB LATER.



VERY LATE—BACK HOME AGAIN...

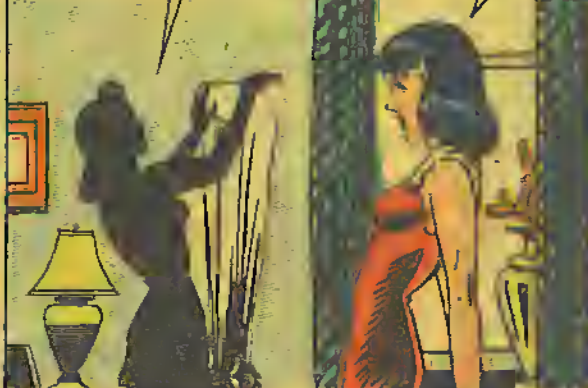
A GIRL LIKE YOU IS FOOLISH TO SLAVE ON A JOB FOR A FEW MEASLY BUCKS A WEEK.

WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?



WELL—L--- JUST PICKING UP A FEW THINGS IN THE STORES AND SELLING THEM. YOU COULD HAVE LUXURY.

BUT-- DELLA-- THAT'S DISHONEST.



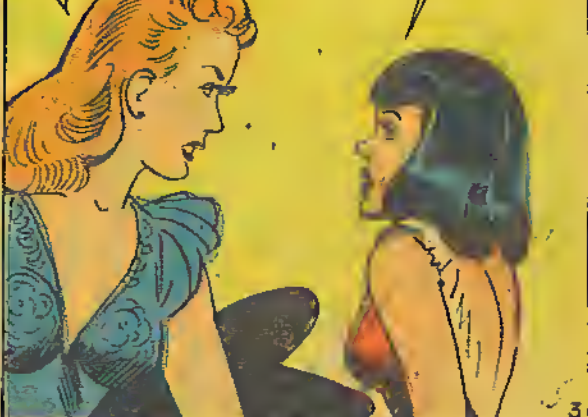
OH, PIFFLE! THESE BIG STORES NEVER MISS AN ARTICLE OR TWO. THEY THROW AWAY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS EVERY WEEK.

BUT IF I'M CAUGHT I'D BE ARRESTED.



NOT AT ALL, IF YOU'RE A SLICK OPERATOR, IT'S EASY.

M-MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DELLA.



NEXT DAY, GAIL GETS A LESSON...

SEE, LIKE THIS - QUICKLY SLIP THE ARTICLE UNDER YOUR COAT, LIKE THIS --

IT LOOKS EASY -



GAIL GOES SHOPLIFTING WITH DELLA...

HERE WE ARE, NEWMAN-MORGAN IS THE BIGGEST DEPARTMENT STORE IN TOWN.



DELLA DEMONSTRATES BY STEALING AN EXPENSIVE HANDBAG...



A STORE DETECTIVE SEES HER BUT MCQUADE STEPS IN...

TAKE IT EASY, PAL. LET HER GET AWAY. ORDERS FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WE'RE NOT READY TO CLAMP DOWN YET.



BACK IN THE APARTMENT...

SEE HOW EASY IT WAS, JOYCE. THIS BAG WILL BRING TWENTY BUCKS.

YOU'RE A WONDER, DELLA.



LOOK AT ALL THIS LOOT - YOU CAN DO IT TOO!

BUT WHERE DO YOU SELL IT?

THAT'S NO TROUBLE. WE HAVE A CONTACT.



NEXT DAY, GAIL MEETS MAC...

I'M GOING TO PULL A JOB IN ALLEN'S JEWELRY STORE TOMORROW.

OKAY, GAIL. I'LL TIP THEM OFF AND BE CLOSE BY. WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THEIR FENCE IS.



GAIL AND HER PALS ENTER ALLEN'S STORE...

OKAY, JOYCE, REMEMBER, BRACELETS ONLY. WE'LL BE CLOSE AND IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, DELLA WILL MAKE A SCENE AND DIVERT ATTENTION SO YOU CAN SCRAM.



THE SALESMAN HAVING BEEN TIPPED OFF, GAIL EASILY "LIFTS" A GOLD BRACELET...

THAT GIRL IS GOOD, TOM. SHE'LL MAKE A SWELL RECRUIT.



BACK HOME, DELLA IS JUBILANT...

JOYCE, YOU'RE SLICK! WHY, THIS BRACELET IS WORTH A COUPLE OF CENTURIES!

I'LL HAVE PIETRO COME OVER TONIGHT AND GIVE US A PRICE ON THE STUFF.



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR MY FIRST TRY, I'M GOING FOR A WALK AND A SODA.

SHE HURRIES TO A PHONE...

INSPECTOR, THE FENCE IS NAMED PIETRO, HE'S COMING TONIGHT TO BUY A PILE OF STOLEN STUFF.

GOOD, GAIL, WE'LL HAVE THE HOUSE SURROUNDED AND NAB ALL OF THEM AT ONE TIME. LIFT THE SHADE WHEN HE GETS THERE AND WE'LL DO THE REST.



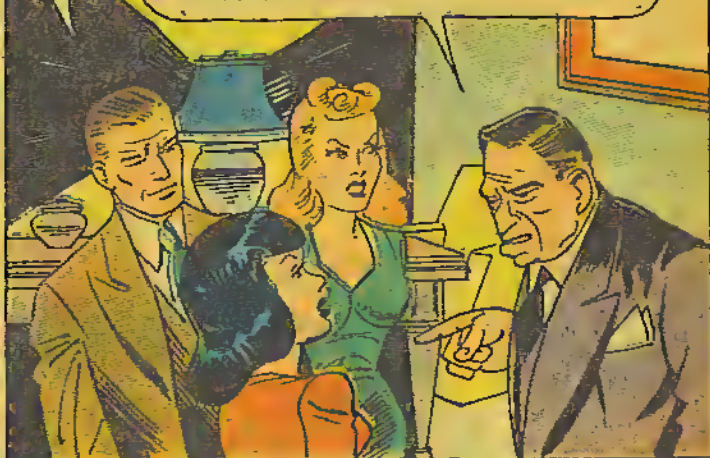
THAT NIGHT...

THERE GOES A GUY IN THE HOUSE, NOW. WAIT FOR GAIL'S SIGNAL.



HELLO, PIETRO.

HELLO, I HOPE YOU GOT SOME GOOD STUFF AND NOT JUNK. SAY-WHO'S DIS DAME? SHE LOOKS FAMILIAR.



HEY, YOU DUMB JERK; DIS DAME WORKS FOR DE INSPECTOR AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

WHA-!

REALIZING THAT SHE IS DISCOVERED, GAIL QUICKLY REACHES FOR THE SHADE...

LEGGO THAT SHADE!

OH!

WHAM!



THE DAME IS OUT COLD. HURRY, LET'S PACK UP THE STUFF AND SCRAM OUTTA HERE.



BUT ONLY A MINUTE LATER, THE POLICE CRASH IN!

REACH FOR
THE CEILING!

GAIL! ARE
YOU HURT?



POOR KID, YOU GOT AN
AWFUL WALLOP!

OOH-H!



THIS IS PIETRO
VALLA. HE KEEPS
A SHOP AT 214
WILLOW STREET.
GET OVER THERE
AND LOOK HIS
PLACE OVER.



IN PIETRO'S BACK ROOM...

THIS GUY WAS A FENCE, ALL
RIGHT, BET THAT ALL THIS
WAS LIFTED FROM STORES.



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WELL, THESE THREE WILL
GO OUT OF CIRCULATION.

AND THEY WON'T
TRAIN ANY MORE
INNOCENT GIRLS
TO BECOME
CRIMINALS.



AND THANKS TO
GAIL, WE COULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT
WITHOUT HER.

IN A WAY,
INSPECTOR, IT
WAS FUN POSING
AS A SWEET,
DUMB, COUNTRY
GIRL!



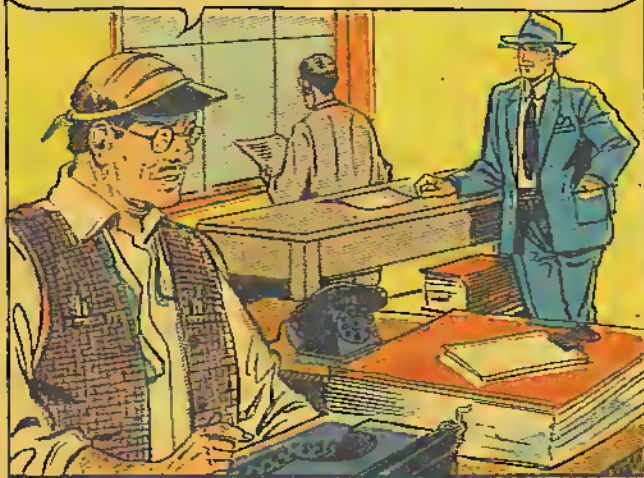
READ GIRL FRIDAY IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

RAY HALE

NEWS
ACE

in
"Problem in the Park"

HALE, I'M CONVINCED THAT RIVERSIDE PARK HAS BECOME A DEN OF INIQUITY. PEOPLE ARE CONSTANTLY BEING MOLESTED AND ROBBED BY TEEN-AGE GANGS OF TOUGHS. THERE ARE MANY UNREPORTED CRIMES AND THE AUTHORITIES ARE LAX IN CLEANING THE PLACE UP. WE HAVE DECIDED TO GET FIRST-HAND INFORMATION AND PUBLISH A FRONT PAGE STORY. IT WILL STIR UP THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND GET SOMETHING DONE ABOUT THESE DELINQUENTS.



THE CITY EDITOR OF THE "CLARION" HAS A TALK WITH HIS STAR REPORTER ABOUT A CIVIC PROBLEM WHICH INTERESTS HIS PAPER. HE EXPLAINS THE SITUATION...

"TIME AND TIME AGAIN, WOMEN'S PURSES ARE SNATCHED AND THE THIEF DISAPPEARS IN THE THICK SHRUBBERY OF THE PARK."



OH-H!!
MY BAG!

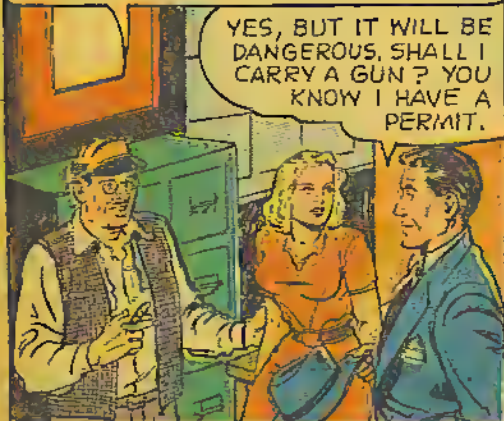
"INDIVIDUALS AND COUPLES TOO, WHO WALK IN THE PARK AFTER DARK ARE ASSAULTED AND ROBBED. THE MUGGINGS OFTEN RESULT IN FATALITIES. THE CRIMINALS ARE YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR TEENS WITH FEMALE ACCOMPLICES OF THEIR OWN AGE WHO ACT AS THEIR LOOKOUTS. THIS SORT OF THING HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED BEFORE IT GETS WORSE..."

HOLD 'EM, RED,
WHILE I SEE HOW
MUCH DOUGH THEY
GOT. BOP 'EM
IF THEY YELL!

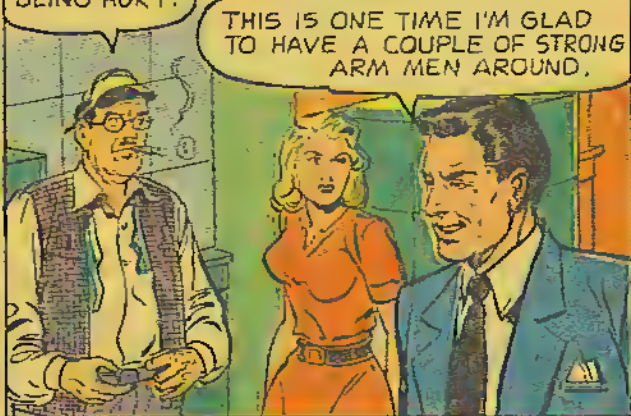
UH-
UGG!!



YOU KNOW COLLEEN KENT, ONE OF OUR "SOB SISTERS" ON THE PAPER. I SUGGEST THAT YOU TWO GO TO THE PARK AND POSE AS SPOONERS ABOUT SUNSET. SEE IF THE HOODLUMS SET UPON YOU.



NIX. THESE OFFENDERS ARE MISGUIDED KIDS. THEY ARE SOMETIMES KILLERS, BUT WE CAN'T GET TOO TOUGH. THESE KIDS NEED HELP. YOU GO UNARMED, BUT I'LL HAVE TWO MEN SECRETLY FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE AND KEEP YOU BOTH FROM BEING HURT.



THAT EVENING AT DUSK, HALE AND COLLEEN ENTER THE PARK POSING AS LOVERS, WHILE THE BODYGUARDS WATCH...

WONDER IF THEY'LL TRAP THE RATS WHO HANG OUT AROUND HERE?

WE'LL SEE.



HALE AND COLLEEN STROLL ON THE PARK PATHS. THEY THEN GO TO A MORE REMOTE SECTION.

THIS IS MORE IN LINE, SCARED, BABY?

DON'T CALL ME "BABY," YOU WOLF! I'M DEFINITELY NOT SCARED! JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING TO DO?



AFTER ALL, SWEETIE PIE, WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE A COUPLE OF DREAMY-EYED JERKS. SUPPOSE WE ACT IT OUT. OUR BOSS SAID SO.

WELL, RAY, IT WON'T BE TOO DIFFICULT -



ON A PARK BENCH, THE NEWSPAPER PEOPLE PUT ON THEIR ACT...

UM-MMM! GIVE, BABY!

RAY HALE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE IT SO REALISTIC!



MEANWHILE, DURING THE NECKING ACT, THE GIRL REPORTER NOTICES SOMETHING IN THE VICINITY...

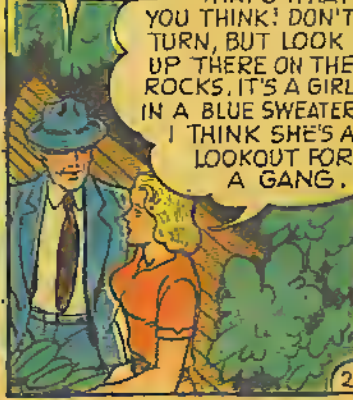
...THAT GAL IN THE BLUE SWEATER -- ON THE ROCKS --



THEY BREAK THE CLINCH...

GOSH, COLLEEN, THAT KISS WAS WONDERFUL, BUT IT SEEMS THAT THE GANGS AREN'T ON TO US YET.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! DON'T TURN, BUT LOOK UP THERE ON THE ROCKS. IT'S A GIRL IN A BLUE SWEATER. I THINK SHE'S A LOOKOUT FOR A GANG.



ON THE ROCKS, THE GIRL IN THE BLUE SWEATER DUCKS BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES WHEN SHE SEES THAT COLLEEN HAS SPOTTED HER ON HER PERCH...

RAY, - I KNOW HOW THESE KID GANGS WORK. THAT GIRL I JUST SAW WAS THEIR LOOKOUT. THAT MEANS THAT THE BOYS ARE NEARBY.

SO - WHAT'LL WE DO?



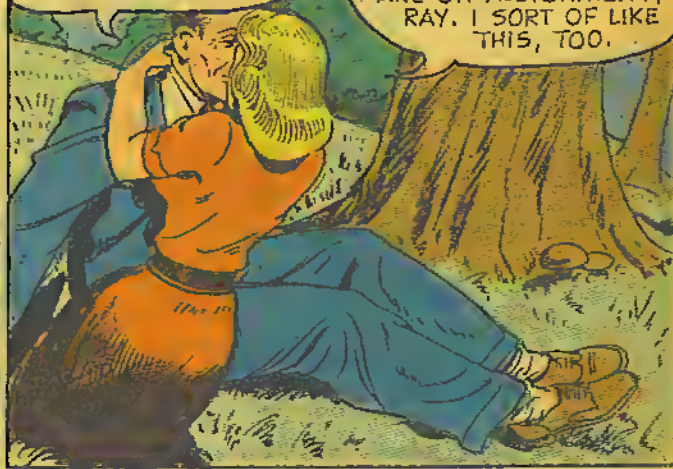
THEY ONLY ATTACK PEOPLE WHO ARE OFF THE BEATEN PATH. LET'S GO INTO THE GRASS AND LET THEM THINK WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF MUSHERS.

I HOPE YOU'RE WRONG, HONEY-BUNCH, 'CAUSE I'M IN THE MOOD. TOO BAD THIS IS ALL A PLAY OF MAKE-BELIEVE.



YUM-MM - YUMMM-M-!!

UMM-YUM-M-SURE IS TOUGH WE ARE ON ASSIGNMENT, RAY. I SORT OF LIKE THIS, TOO.



AS THE NEWSPAPER DECOY AND HIS GIRL FRIEND SPOON ON THE GRASSY SLOPE, THE TEEN-AGE CRIMINALS CONVERGE ON THE "SO-CALLED" VICTIMS! THEY ARE DOOMED TO A RUDE AWAKENING FROM THEIR CRIME CAREER...

GAG 'IM SPIKE!

GOT 'IM!

OW-OW-W!



THE GUARDS HIRED BY THE NEWSPAPER
RUN UP AND COVER THE GROUP...

STOP,
THERE!

HALT!

THE GUARDS FIRE INTO THE AIR AND
STOP THE GANG IN THEIR TRACKS...

STOP!

THE JIG'S
UP, PUNKS!

OKAY - WE
GIVE UP!

DON'T
SHOOT!

STAND ASIDE, HALE, WE'RE
THE PRIVATE DETECTIVES
YOUR EDITOR HIRED TO FOLLOW
YOU ON THIS PARK CAPER.
WE'LL TAKE OVER THIS BUNCH.

ALL RIGHT -
YOU'VE GOT
US!

THERE'S ONE MORE IN THAT GANG YOU
HAVEN'T GOTTEN YET. I SEE HER UP
THERE; I'M GOING TO GET THAT
GIRL!



COLLEEN SCRAMBLES UP
THE SLOPING ROCKS...

THAT GIRL IN THE BLUE
SWEATER IS THEIR LOOK-
OUT... AND A VERY
IMPORTANT MEMBER OF
THEIR OUTFIT!

ON TOP THE ROCKS,
THE GIRL REPORTER
SPOTS THE FUGITIVE...

THERE SHE
GOES -

I'LL CUT HER OFF WHERE
THAT PATH TURNS AROUND
THE END OF THIS ROCK -



AS THE FLEEING TEEN-AGE GANG GIRL ROUNDS THE BASE OF THE ROCK, COLLEEN KENT MAKES A DIVE FROM HER POSITION ABOVE...



HOLD ON, THERE, SISTER, YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN YOUR BOY FRIENDS!

BUT COLLEEN HAS CAUGHT A TIGRESS, THE GIRL IS AN ADEPT AT STREET FIGHTING...



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

OUCH!

HOWEVER, COLLEEN IS NO SLOUCH WITH A HEFTY RIGHT PUNCH HERSELF...



TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT-!!

OW!

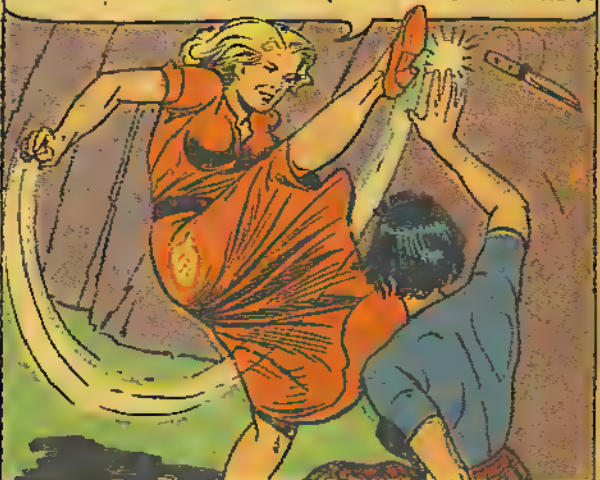
DESPERATELY, THE GANG LOOKOUT WHIPS OUT AN UGLY-LOOKING KNIFE...



I'LL FIX YOU- BUT GOOD!

A KNIFE EH? -WELL-

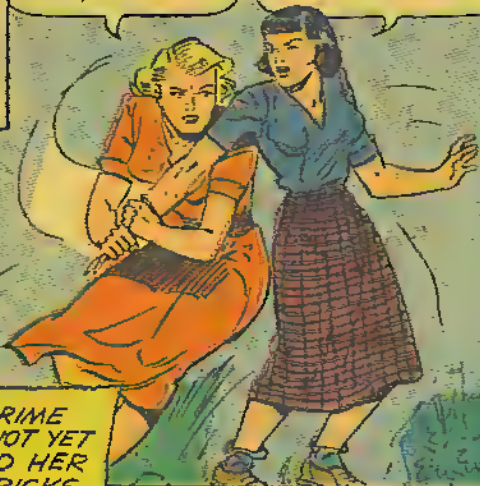
- LUCKY I WAS A CHORUS GIRL BEFORE I BECAME A NEWSPAPER WOMAN. MY OLD HIGH KICKING TECHNIQUE COMES IN HANDY.



COLLEEN CLAMPS AN ARM LOCK ON HER OPPONENT.

COME QUIETLY, NOW, WILL YOU'?

OH-H, YOU-YOU -- MY ARM!!



BUT THE CRIME GIRL HAS NOT YET EXHAUSTED HER BAG OF TRICKS. SHE STAMPS SAVAGELY DOWN ON THE INSTEP OF COLLEEN'S FOOT AND BREAKS LOOSE.



NOT FAR AWAY, RAY HALE IS FOLLOWING. HE CALLS OUT...

COLLEEN! COLLEEN! WHERE ARE YOU? CAN YOU HEAR ME?



AS THE GIRL DARTS AWAY, HER LUCK RUNS OUT. RAY HALE, APPROACHING, SEES AND GRABS HER...

HOLD ON, THERE, GIRLIE, WE WANT YOU TOO.

LEMME GO!



HERE'S THEIR MOLL, NOW WE'VE GOT ALL OF THEM.

GOOD, WE'LL TAKE THEM IN TO THE POLICE.

OH-HH! MY FOOT!



HALE AND COLLEEN RETURN TO THEIR OFFICE.

GOOD WORK! WE'VE PROVED OUR POINT, NOW WE'LL DO A SPECIAL FEATURE AND AROUSE THE PUBLIC SO THAT THE COPS WILL HAVE TO GET BUSY AND WEED OUT THOSE GANGS.

I'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK ON IT, BOSS.

I'LL WRITE MINE ON THE WOMAN'S ANGLE, LOTS OF GIRLS LIKE THAT ONE NEEDS SPECIAL GUIDANCE.



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